Introduction:  
On August 26 I went with my family to Mount Spokane. It was my in intention to write this essay on a concert, but I realized that this restaurant offered a unique perspective due to the unusual atmosphere so I went back on the 27th and 28th. I guess I never really take the time to look around the world with the eyes of an outsider, I was really surprised at what I found when I did.  
My intention was to enjoy the day at Mount Spokane with my family but after some poor directions and the hot sun in a car with no AC we had to stop. I found a restaurant on the side of the road that was a cabin. My family and I enjoyed the food prepared at a booth near the entrance. The particular table we had chosen gave me a view of the entire cabin to include the kitchen. We spent about two hours at the establishment awed by our surroundings that we did not actually go to Mount Spokane that day.  
I plan to describe the atmosphere we were in later in the paper. Two patrons entered the establishment while we were there. I also had several conversations with the patrons and owner.  
The restaurant I chose is different in many ways to anything I have been in before. The people at the establishment seem to come from another environment. These people that owned, worked at, and visited the restaurant on a regular basis were a part of what seemed like a different culture than the “normal” Washintonians.  
Methodology:  
I chose this place because of the questions asked: what surprised me, what intrigued me, and what disturbed me. As unorthodox as the place seemed to me, an outsider, it appeared to be quite ordinary to those there. I decided to enjoy the meal with my family on the first day. The next time I went I merely observed the restaurant and people in it. I decided to order food again on my second visit because I thought it might make people feel uncomfortable to have someone just sitting in the restaurant taking notes. If I had chosen to not eat at the establishment I felt it would change the behavior of those eating. On the third day I decided that I had a lot to discuss for this paper. I realized after talking with them that choosing to order food on my second visit was unnecessary the people there were so used to the unorthodox my presence did not seem to alter it. I rather enjoyed the restaurant and its atmosphere.  
Data and Analysis:  
It was rather hot on August 26th riding in the car with no AC. I had my husband and son in the car; we all decided to find a place to stop. We had been driving for about an hour and a half. Having gotten horrible directions and little assistance, we were hot, tired, and hungry. There were fields on both sides of the car and it looked like we would not find a place to stop. When the fields started to clear as we entered the forest, I assumed it meant we were getting closer to the Mountain. Nonetheless, I still wanted to stop. When we went around the next bend we saw what appeared to be a cabin, except there was a sign out front. The establishment looked like someone actually lived there. There were flowers and a gravel path usually associated with someone’s house. I thought this place looked rather welcoming.  
The inside of the restaurant brought surprises. The first thing I noticed was that the inside appeared to be someone’s home; though I am pretty sure no one lived there. The restaurant had booths and a large kitchen these were the only things that made me realize we had entered a restaurant and not someone’s home. The decorations were that of animal heads and bird houses. There was a table with brochure like papers that were full of jokes. There was a fireplace at the end of one of the booths and despite the heat it was full blazing. Everything in the place was made from wood that looked like they chopped a tree down hole and barely treated it.  
The kitchen also opened up to the room over a bar. A kind older woman told us we could sit wherever we wanted, although she directed us to a booth near the door. She asked us what we wanted to eat and gave us paper menus. My husband was ordering potatoes from the menu when I looked down at my menu and noticed the waitress had no shoes on. She made her way back to the kitchen putting on shoes before entering and plopped the potatoes into the fryer. She must have noticed me starring at her feet because upon returning she told me that we could take ours off too. I decided this probably would not be a good idea, so we did not.  
Soon the restaurant received a new patron, a young girl, probably sixteen. She wore older fashioned clothing and sat in the booth next to us. The waitress seemed to know the girl because shoeless she sat down to eat with her. The young girl also took off her shoes at the fire. Though I felt it was warm the girl seemed to think it was cold and began to warm her feet at the fire. The waitress and the girl started discussing a new patron that was expected and some horses. Both the girl and the waitress sat with their bodies facing my family and me as if we were invited in the discussion. The two even made several glances at us as they talked making me feel we were really invited to talk, though I had no idea about horses or the other unknown patron. When I finally convinced myself that the waitress was just looking in our direction to keep an eye on the fries she actually asked us if we had a horse.  
After the waitress got the fries and dropped them at our table, her and my husband, who is a vegan, began having a conversation. It seemed like a normal conversation from the outside but it probably made him feel a bit uncomfortable. The waitress who was also the owner was talking about breeding and killing her own beef. She went on in detail; apparently the last one in Washington to do so is changing their methods. She seemed rather excited about it and described how the beef would be cared for and slaughtered. My husband did not mention his being a vegan and actually continued the conversation adding his input on slaughtering the animal as if it was normal. He kept up with the discussion telling her about his trip to the slaughter house, something I had not heard of before.  
The next patron, the one discussed earlier, showed up in the restaurant. She apparently came by every day. She sat down next to the other patron and also took off her shoes. No one else showed up to the restaurant after this girl. They all began discussing horses. I assume they all owned a farm somewhere in the area. This discovery made me realize that it was a normal day in their lives that we were observing.  
The next two times I went to the restaurant alone. On both occasions the same patrons visited the restaurant. The conversations and behavior were as they were on my first visit. All the people there took off their shoes and began discussing horses and the new cattle.  
From all my observations I realized I had visited a separate culture within our own society. I am pretty sure there are several out there just like it only spread out around the United States.  
Cross-Cultural Comparison:  
I have not been to a restaurant quite like this one but I am pretty sure they exist elsewhere in the United States. I think the next thing is to consider these people outside the restaurant. How often do they go to the town? Do they ever make it to the city and why would they go there? Do they wear their shoes? I would have enjoyed spending the day with anyone of the people from the restaurant and see what they do. I have been to farming communities but there was something different about this one. An important question to ask might be what happens when they are surrounded by civilization. Washington’s population continues to grow and this restaurant will one day be encompassed by people. Will it survive with the same feeling or will the people and the restaurant change?